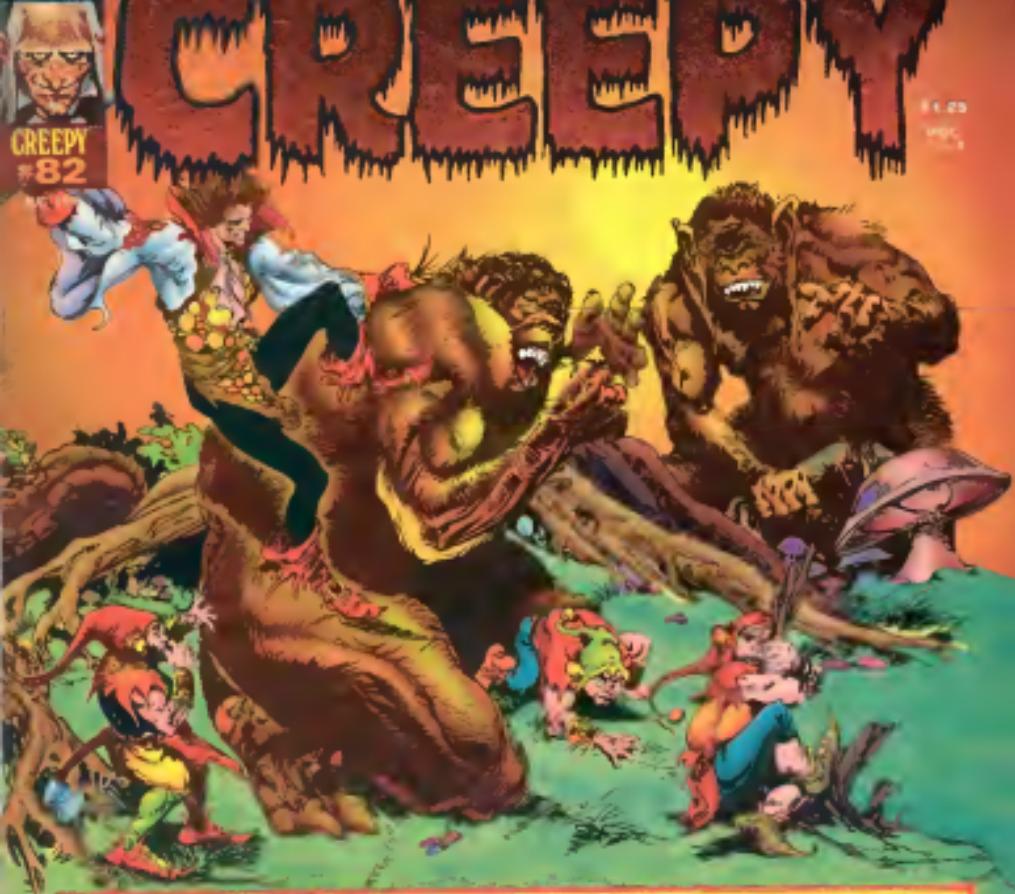


WARREN
MAGAZINE

SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER GIANT! WITH ESTEBAN MAROTO!

CREEPY



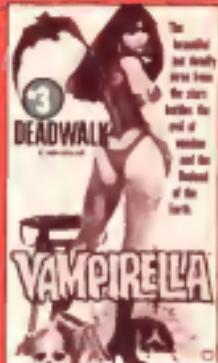
VAMPIRELLA PAPERBACK NOVELS!



BLOODSTALKER reveals the mysterious origin of VAMPIRELLA! A refugee in a mysterious alien vessel, whisked from her dying planet where blood flows red in veins, VAMPIRELLA must learn to kill... or die! Sponsored by powerful menaces like the Cult of the Moon and Chaos, she must face the most dangerous forces on Earth! But her last stand is not over. Armed and by the mysterious Pendragon, she pits herself against the evil Cult of Chaos and helplessly stalks the men who pursued her for human blood! #21294 \$1.25



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OUR 1976
There was a Scream in the Forest. The
Nazis invaded the woods, robbing human
souls, eating human flesh, and destroying
men, women and babies for their own greed.

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CREEPY

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AUGUST 1976

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FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

Paul Hunter. Con man. Smuggler. Assassin. Thief. He went down with his plane. In the vast, swamp-infested jungle. A gator tore off his arm. But Paul Hunter survived. And he would live, he knew, if only he could hide from the hideous, man-eating reptile man!

22

BRANCATELLI: COMIC BOOK

Comic book writers hate you, their readers. They think you're young, dumb and insensitive. So says columnist Joe Brancatelli. But who is Brancatelli? And why is he saying those terrible things about writers?

23

A MOST PRIVATE TERROR

Icy wind knifed through his soul, chilling him with cold, oppressive fear. The blackness pressed in, smothering him with its concealed terrors. Briley Culmeda peered blindly into the night, straining to see. But the stalking beast could never be seen.

35

DEJA VU Close your eyes, and bask in the softness of my voice. You are going back. Back beyond your childhood. Back to a time before your birth. You were someone else then. A witch. And they tormented you. Can you remember, Janet Becker, how they abused you... and burned you at the stake?

43

RELATIVES God. The supreme being. Creator of the universe and all life within. Yet, if God truly exists, has He made Himself known to intelligent races of other planets? Do alien life forms practice religions... worship a deity? Or is God simply another of man's many ingenious inventions?

50

A SCREAM IN THE FOREST

They dwell somewhere in the darksome, evil forest. Mindless creatures called Fearies. In times of plenty, they are peaceable, serene. But when the land is parched and food scarce, they stalk from their lair to gather their favorite food... young women!



A FULL MOON, A SICKLEAN NIGHT, AND A MAN WITH A TOMB I CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO PAUL HUNTER, BUT DO NOT INTRODUCE RETRIBUTION IS DUE HIM AND HE WILL NOT BE SWEEVED FROM HIS TASK BEFORE IT IS MADE UNTIL THEN SET TIGHT FOR ONLY THEN WILL HE TRY...

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS



SOON, NOW THE TIME HAS CRASHED IN. THE CRASH, THE SWAMA, THE KILLER-BEAST - ALL MORE FUD THAN YESTERDAY AND YET, HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? FOUR MONTHS, CLOSER TO FIVE? AND SET IT SEEMS MUCH LONGER SINCE YOU LOST THAT ARM OF YOURS. DON'T SAY IT HUNTER; DETERMINATION - RATHER, OBSESSION - WOK OUT THOUGH. DIDN'T IT, MR. HUNTER? THE THOUGHTS OF VENGEANCE YOU ALLOWED PERMENT THESE LOW, WEEKS NEED NOT SEE THE MUCH LONGER, SQUASH A BUG AND YOU'LL KILL A MAN.



CUT THE GAMMAS! I'M NOT
IN THE MOOD! NOW... WHERE
IS IT? THE HOSPITAL?

TELLING YOU THE TRUTH,
HUNTER, I DON'T HAVE THE
STUFF... NEVER WENT BACK
TO GET IT... COULDN'T.

YOU TRIED TO TELL
ME IT'S STILL ON THE
PLANE? COME OFF IT!

MIBATU

THAT'S PRECISELY
WHAT I MEAN. I WANTED
TO GO BACK AND GET THE
JUNK, SURE - BUT WITH
THAT CROC STILL OUT
THERE...

A REPTILE, YOU EXPECT
ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU'D
LEAVE A HALF A MILLION IN
HERON BECAUSE OF A
REPTILE?

HOT JUST THAT - IT'S
THE SWAMP REGION ITSELF.
THE WHOLE AREA AROUND
THERE IS A TULLA COUNTRY.
SUPPOSED TO BE
HEADCHUNTERS OR SOMETHING
LIKE THAT. THE LOCAL NATIVES
AREN'T EVEN SURE
WHAT'S OUT THERE.

IF THIS IS
SOME KIND OF
RUNAROUND...

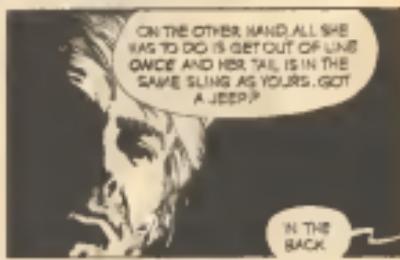
AND THAT'S WHY
THE "GOOD DOCTOR"
MASQUERADE.

NOT REALLY A MASQUERADE.
MORE OF A MUTUAL
AGREEMENT. THE PEOPLE
HERE HELPED ME WHEN I WAS
IN NEED AND NOW I'M
RETURNING THE FAVOR... THEY
WERE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE
BEFORE I CAME, AND AS
MUCH AS I DETEST THE
JUNGLE, IT'S A PRETTY NICE
SET-UP UNTIL I CAN GET
OUT OF HERE.

BELIEVE ME, IT'S NOT
DO YOU THINK TO STILL BE
MERE IF I HAD THE STUFF TO
BUY MYSELF ACROSS THE
BORDER? I CAN'T EVEN GET OUT
OF THIS MISERABLE JUNGLE UNTIL
ARGENTINA CALLS HER DOGS OFF ME. THEY
DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT I'M THE ONE WHO
TOOK THE STUFF TO BEGIN WITH.

WE'RE
WASTING TIME.
LET'S GO.

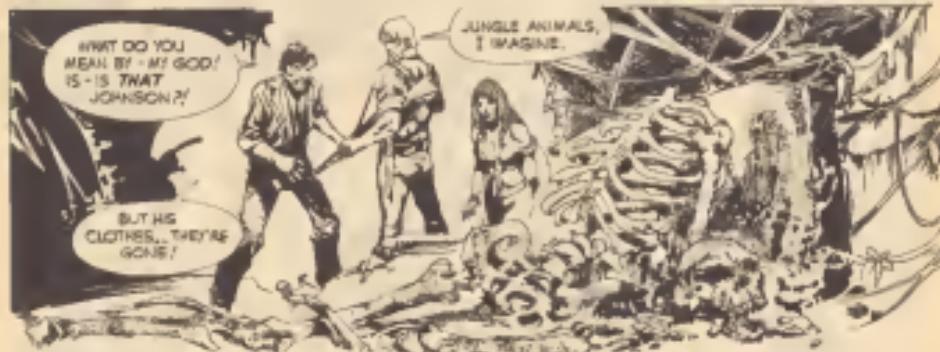




AS NIGHT SURRENDERS AND MAKES ITS FINAL BOW, THE FIRST LICKS OF DAWN FIND OUR TRAVELERS MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG BEATEN PATHS AND WAKE-SHIFT ROADS UNUSED SINCE THE BITULLA UPRISING A YEAR EARLIER. LIGHTER UNDERBRUSH BECOMES A DETOUR WHEN NECESSARY, AND CUTTING MACHETES BLAZE THE ROUTE SLOWLY, AND WITH SOME EFFORT, THEY INCH ON...









HAVING RETRACED THE ROUTE BACK TO THE JEEP WITH THE OTHERS, RANNING COMES UPON A STRANGE NOTE.

SOMEONE'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH IT, ALL RIGHT. IT CHECKS OUT ALL RIGHT THOUGH - NO DAMAGE.

OUR NATIVE SLEEVES, NO DOUBT. C'MON, LET'S GO. I'M GETTING HUNGRY.

I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE THOUGHT OF BRINGING ANT SANDWICHES, DID THEY?

WORKING NOT YET CHECKED, THE TRAVELLERS CONTINUE WITH STEADY STEAM - UNAWARE OF THE EYES WHICH NOW OBSERVE THEM.

OTHER EYES BELONGING TO HIDDEN FORMS BENDING, TENSING, WAITING THE PROPER MOMENT.

SILENTLY AS CONFIDENT AS ANY BIRD OF PREY, IT SPRINGS FROM ITS PERCH...



ACTION: MANNING PROVES NO MATCH FOR THE CREATURE'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH, AND THE TWO COMBATANTS FALL FROM THE UNCONTROLLED VEHICLE.

KANG TIGHT! / WE'RE SONNA CRASH!

REACTION: DRIVERLESS, THE JEEP VEERS OFF THE ROAD AND INTO THE JUNGLE.



RESULT: HITTING THE TREES HARD IT BEGINS TO ROLL OVER, LOSING ITS TWO REMAINING PASSENGERS IN THE PROCESS.



CONCLUSION: THE OVERTURNED VEHICLE NOW GRINDS TO A HALT, HUNTER TRIES TO GATHER HIS WITS AS THE GIRL LAYS QUITE STILL.



BUT THEN, A CRY OF PAIN DOES WONDER FOR AWARENESS.







AS LATE AFTERNOON HEARS, EACH PRECIOUS ROOT IS EARNED AND SEEMS TO TAKE MORE AND MORE TIME TO ACHIEVE. THE LONG SKY BEGINS TO TAKE ITS TOLL ON THE WEARY TRAVELERS AND DISTANCE IS BEING EXCHANGED FOR CAUTION.

THOSE NATIVES... ARE THEY CANNIBALS AS WELL AS HEADHUNTERS?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF ANY?



HOW MUCH IS A LIFE WORTH? WHERE ARE THE PRICE TAGS? WHO IS IT ONLY IN MOMENTS OF HORROR THAT MEN STOP TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER THESE QUESTIONS? CAN CUSTOMS SO SOAR, A MAN THAT HIS DEATH CAN BE LESS THAN TRIFLING? DO IDOLWORSHIPPERS TRANSVERSE GOD, OR IS IT THE PRIEST WHO OFFENDS THE GOLDEN CALF?

HOW STOP FOR ONE MOMENT, AND PAUSE... WHO AVOIDS US WILL REMEMBER THE ANNihilation OF THE STULLAS, AND WHO WILL REMEMBER THE EXTERMINATION OF THE HEADHUNTERS? OH, YES, THERE WILL BE THE JUDGES, AND OF THE JUDGES THERE MAY BE THE MOURNERS. BUT OF THE JUDGES, WILL THERE BE CONFESSORS OF SAVAGE? GOD'S SHEEP HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED, BROTHERS DAY WASTED, HUMAN BEINGS - MURDERED, SOME WOULD HAVE IT SAID STILL OTHER WAYS.

ON MY LORD... THOSE THINGS... THEY'VE TAKEN OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE, KILLED EVERYONE, AND... HUNTED! THE SAFE!

THERE IT IS!

YOU'D BETTER STAY BACK...

IT'S HARD TO TELL HOW MANY OF THOSE THINGS ARE IN THE TREES RIGHT ABOVE US... YOU'D BETTER TAKE THAT WEAPON OFF YOUR SHOULDER.

HMM? OH...YEAH, SURE.

THOSE CREATURES ARE MAN-EATERS... THEY'RE THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BONES BACK THERE... AND JOHNSON.

YOU DON'T PLAN ON SONG OUT THERE, DO YOU?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO. I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE THEY'RE NOT TOO HUNGRY...

TEAH, TEAH, I KNOW.

NO... DON'T GO! THEY'LL KILL YOU! THE SAKE ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT!

OK, LADY, YOU'VE GOT TO BE HIDING! COVER ME WITH THAT THING. DOG AND I MIGHT DEAL YOU IN YET...

RIGHT.

WITH A SLOW, CAUTIOUS STRIDE, HUNTER FINDS SURPRISINGLY LOW RESISTANCE

ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY KNOW THEY SHOULD FEAR THIS ONE... THIS KILLER OF THEIR SPECIES.

IT'S WORKIN'. THEY SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THIS GUN CAN DO. THEY'RE AFRAID OF IT. I'M GONNA MAKE IT!



CARRYING THE ONLY WEAPON NOW AVAILABLE,
MANNING TREADS SILENTLY, NOT
WISHING TO DISTURB THE CREATURES'
BUSYWORK.



HE REACHES THE STEPS OF THE
IDOL WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND
THEN CLIMBS TO THE ALTAR.
DISREGARDING THE OBJECTS
ABOUT THE SAFE, HE BRUSHES
THEM ASIDE - BUT THEN STOPS
TO TAKE SECOND NOTICE...



AND FINDS...



NOT ONLY THE STUFF...
BUT DIVIDENDS! THE
NATIVES HERE MUST HAVE
BEEN COLLECTING THESE
FOR YEARS... THIS IS
JUST TOO GOOD...

BETTER HURRY...
NO TELLING HOW LONG
IT TAKES THOSE THINGS
TO DEVOUR A MAN...



DO YOU HEAR
ME? FIRE RIGHT INTO
THEM! SHARON!...
SHARON!



BUT THERE WAS NO ONE
THERE TO ANSWER...



ACCORDING TO LATER REPORTS, A GIRL
IDENTIFIED AS SHARON ROBERTS, A CORPS
VOLUNTEER, WAS FOUND THE NEXT MORNING
WANDERING APPELLELY ABOUT THE JUNGLE
... COLD, HUNGRY, AND SUFFERING FROM
MENTAL BREAKDOWN.

END

THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

The woman of whom I write is unknown to you, but who she is has no great significance anyway. The dangerous school of literary thought to which she subscribes, however, is of vital interest to you.

When I returned from an assignment in Dallas not long ago, I called the woman of whom I write into my tiny cubicle in order to pass along a possible story idea concerning a complicated, but undeniably important, economic issue.

"How in hell are our readers going to understand what we're talking about?" asked the woman of whom I write.

"If you write it up plainly enough," I said. "I'm sure they'll find useful and valuable information in the story."

The woman of whom I write stated blankly, no doubt amazed that I cared and gathered herself off my rather battered guest chair. "Ninety-eight per cent of our readers still move their lips," the woman of whom I write snapped with a wide grin that did nothing to hide her disdain. "That's not a thing I can write that they'll understand."

Unfortunately for the woman of whom I write, my tiny cubicle is at the right hand of God—the managing editor—and has notoriously poor sound absorption qualities.

Our God overheard the woman of whom I write's intemperate remark.

"I am truly sorry that we aren't THE NEW YORKER magazine or equivalent to it," our God said to the woman of whom I write. "But since you find our readers so terribly distasteful, I trust you won't waste your talents here any longer."

And our God told the woman of whom I write before returning to his seat with all his dignity, "make sure your body is out of this office by the end of the day."

My little cigarette is a tale of rare honor on the part of our God. He far too often allows shoddy work to pass his desk and into the paper for no discernible reason. But one thing he could not abide was a reporter or writer who hates the people for whom they write.

All too frequently, however, comic-book editors allow their writers to hate you. It stands to reason that no one can write quality material when he hates his audience.

There are many reasons why today's comic books are bad, of course, but the poor quality of the work is easily the most distressing and disappointing I have lost count of the times I have heard comic-book writers complain about the lack of intelligence you, the reader, are

saddled with. Comic-book writers despair when you do not buy their masterpieces, not realizing, of course, that they have not written a masterpiece.

In lieu of writing for you, most of today's comic-book writers write for their friends and enemies. Worst of all, they write for their peers—who feel similarly that the rank-and-file comic readers are cretins.

I can never forget the classic judgment uttered one evening by a comic-book reader named comic-book writer. "Thank god some of the guys in the office realize I'm doing topnotch stuff," he told me without apology. "The damn kids out there certainly have no idea what I'm talking about."

I couldn't bring myself to tell him that the kid had no idea what he was talking about because the staff was unreadable.

Another thing that often bothers these comic-book writers is your age. Since more of their staff ranks of amateurism unseen in this country since the demise of the 8-pagers of the twenties and thirties, most of these comic-book writers contend their comics are written for children. When confronted by criticism from 14 or 15-year-old comic readers they assail his intelligence by complaining that any normal teenager should be out reading *Time* and *Newsweek* or *Playboy*.

Which is strange, since almost to a man these same comic-book writers read comic books well into their twenties. They only stopped reading comic books because they became comic-book professionals and it is well known that no comic-book professional reads comic books.

The is not to say that you, the reader, are brilliant. I sometimes wonder at the books you grumble, despair when you really do not the significance of the increasingly rare comic-book masterpiece and am frustrated that you remain so patently indulgent of the publish you buy from the writers who hate you.

On balance, however, you, the reader, are probably more intelligent than the run-of-the-mill editors and writers producing today's comic books. Mark Evanier, one comic-book writer cognizant that his readers are, by and large, a sharp lot, recently exhibited the merits of the comic-book rank-and-file. Writing in his magazine FEETLERAUM, a small publication distributed through the amateur press alliance CAPA ALPHA, Evanier noted that most comic-book innovations of the last few years have been formu-

lated from suggestions first made by comic-book readers.

As Evanser also pointed out, even though comic-book professionals such as Roy Thomas, Julius Schwartz and Bob Kanigher went to great lengths to critique the suggestions when first advanced, the major companies were eventually forced to adopt the readers' thoughts as sound economic judgment.

Among the innovations the comic-book industry mentioned as fan-generated were the suggestion that two comic-book companies collaborate on a book containing their most popular characters (National and Marvel recently published SUPERMAN VS. SPIDER-MAN); the feasibility of reprinting comic book stories from the 1940s (both National and Marvel now do), despite repeated claims that "crude" art made it impossible; comic-book adaptation of CONAN novels (Conan is now one of Marvel's few consistently strong-selling characters); revival of pulp characters like The Shadow and Doc Savage, color in Warren magazines' adaptations of popular stories like 2000 and PLANET OF THE APES, revival of the original CAPT. MARVEL (National now manages to squeeze millions of dollars in licensing from that once-lame suggestion); reprints of THE SPIRIT by Will Eisner in commercial form, and several others.

Evanier, however, missed the most obvious manifestation of readership intelligence. Tired of being fed stale after issue of inferior work, the supposedly stupid comic-book rank-and-file did the smartest, most effective thing they could have done: they stopped reading comic books.

In the mid-1960s, when writers like Gardner Fox and artists like Steve Ditko helped maintain a certain level of comic-book quality, sales were fantastically good. Several times, with the aid of television programs, books like BAT-MAN and ARCHIE pushed past the million-seller-per-issue mark. Even poorer selling books consistently sold well over 300,000 copies per issue.

In Today's market with comic books run by increasingly callous and decreasingly talented writers, sales have plummeted. A book which sells as many as 200,000 copies per issue is rare.

As a matter of fact, it proves what I wrote about to tell the woman of whom I write before she was so justifiably dismissed.

"You know," I was about to say with my familiar Brooklyn accent, "readers aren't ever as dumb as you think."

Almost Private



BRAUL CULMEN PEERED INTO THE COLD
CANADIAN WASTES ABOUT HIM, SHIVERING AS
THE Icy WIND KNIFED THROUGH HIS WARRIOR'S
SOUL.

TERROR



NOTHING MOVED
OUT BEYOND THE
GLOW OF HIS
MEAGER FIRE, YET
SOMETHING LIVED
OUT THERE, FOR
SOMETHING
PRESSED HIS
ANIMAL SENSES
SORELY, MAKING HIM
ANXIOUS.

HE PONDERED THE
POSSIBILITIES OF ANIMALS
OF PREY WHICH MIGHT BE
STALKING... WAITING.
WOLVES, LEAN AND HUNGRY
FROM THE STARVING OF WINTER.

PERHAPS IT WAS A GREAT TRONED ICE BEAR, DRIVEN
FROM ITS LAIR IN SCAVENGE OF MAN FLESH!



OR... HIS HEART SHRUNK... IN THESE LANDS, THE FEARED
AND FROZEN COLD THWAS...



IF LEGENDS WERE TRUE, THE CREATURE
STALKING HIM MIGHT BE A DEADLY,
RAVENOUS WEREBEAST!



THE STINGING ICE WHO
HOWLED AS BRILEY
CULMEN'S MIND RAN TO
HALF-FREEMENED
SUPERSTITIOUS OF THE
FROZEN GREYLANDS.



BUT MOST OF ALL, BRILEY CULMEN FEARED
THAT OF WHICH LEGENDS DID NOT SPEAK...
THE UNKNOWN!



SILENT CULMIN LET HIS THOUGHTS FLY,
REMEMBERING HIS TREK INTO THE
STEAMING JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON.



A WOMAN! BEAUTIFUL,
ENCHANTING, MYSTERIOUS,
WITH SKIN THE COLOR OF
BAKED CLAY. AN INDIAN!



HE REMEMBERED STAYING IN HER LODGE FOR ENDLESS DAYS... AND LINGERING FOR CAPTIVATING NIGHTS GROWING MORE AND MORE LOATH TO LEAVE HER...



SHE TEASED,
TORMENTED,
REGULATED HER
GREAT WHITE
WILDED CAPTIVE.



SHE LEFT HIM DRAINED
IN BODY AND SPIRIT



MANY TIMES HE'D SEEN THE GENTLE
REDPOLK FROM THE VILLAGE AVOID
HER HUT AND SCREAM IN TERROR
IF THEY VENTURED TOO CLOSE OR
SAW ANYONE INSIDE. BUT HE DID
NOT KNOW WHY.



THEN THERE WAS THE
NIGHT HE AROKE TO
STRANGER HOUSES
FROM OUTSIDE, AND
SHE WAS NOWHERE!



IT CAME THAT NIGHT...

...THE TERROR!

HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT.



YET, HE KNEW
IT MUST DIE!



HE STARED AT THE DEAD WOMAN.
HAD SHE BEEN A MONSTER?...OR
HAD IT BEEN ONLY A DREAM...
WHICH LEFT HIM A MURDERER?
CONFUSED, HE RAN!



THE WANDERER'S THOUGHTS OF THE
WRECKED MAN REFUNDED HIM THAT ONCE
MORE THE COLD TWANG KILLED.



GREAT GAWD! I'M
JUST SITTING HERE
WAITING TO DIE! IT
TURNS MY GUTS!
I... I'M LIKE A
COON IN A TREE!



I... I CAN'T FIGHT
WHAT I CANNOT SEE!
CAN'T FIGHT AT ALL WITH
...WITH MY HANDS FROZEN!
I... I'M DEAD MEAT!

SHOCKED BY THE REALIZATION SHOCK,
HE WAS FREEZING TO DEATH!
HE BEGAN TO THRASH DESPAIRFULLY IN
THE CLEVERLY SHOULDERING TO
CIRCULATE BLOOD BACK INTO HIS
NUMBLES LESS. HE KNEW THAT BY
MORNIN'S HE WOULD BE DEAD AND
THE COLD TONGUE WOULD BREAKAST
UPON FRESH MEAT. HE HAD TO
AWAKEN HIS BODY SOMENOW! HE
LOOKED GRIMLY AT THE FIRE!

HE USED THE LAST OF HIS PRECIOUS KNOWLEDGE,
STOKING THE FIRE UNTIL IT BLAZED FIERCELY
THEN PUSHED THE LIFELESS LEGS INTO THE
MOSIT.



HE MIGHT HAVE WENT ALOUD HAD
NOT HIS THROAT BEGUN TO
FREEZE AS HELL. HE WATCHED



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH STUNG
HIS NOSTRILS AS THE SKIN PUFFED AND
SPLIT, THE JUICES SIZZLING LIKE PORK
ON A SPIT.

THE MINUTE STINGING BEGAN AND GREW AS HE
HELD AS LONG AS HE COULD UNTIL AT LAST
HELD THE EFFECT HE HAD SOUGHT SO
DESPERATELY...

...HORRIBLE PAIN!

||||,AAA||

OO



HE HAD DONE WELL! HE'D
GIVEN VOICE TO HIS LIFE!



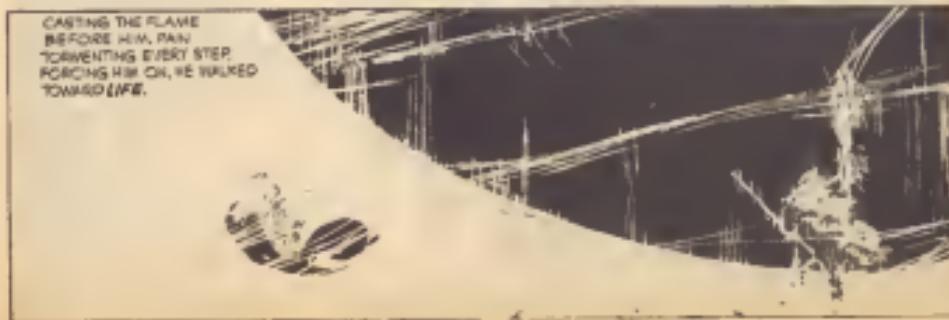
I'M STILL ALIVE!
YOU FEAR ME, YOU
GUT-EATING BEAST?
YOU BETTER HEAR AND
BE AFRAID ... I'M
STILL ALIVE!



YET HE KNEW HE'D STILL FREEZE
ERE DAWN. HE FORCED HIMSELF
TO TAKE SALVES FROM HIS SACK
TO DRESS THE BURNING HE
MUST SULK THE PAIN NOW, SO
THAT HE MIGHT FLEE!



HE HAD NEEDS
PRESSING TO
TRAVELAND SO
HE MUST HAVE
LIGHT TO
CLEANSE THE
DARK...



CASTING THE FLAME
BEFORE HIM, PAIN
TORMENTING EVERY STEP,
FORCING HIM ON, HE WALKED
TOWARD LIFE.

BY GOD'S TRUTH!
I'LL USE MY RIFLE FOR A
CRUTCH AND FIND THE
SUNLIGHT! GOD HELP ME
CURSE THAT CRITTER IF
HE CATCHES ME! WE'LL
SEE!



STUMBLING AND FALLING, THE
HAGGARD WANDERER,
STRUGGLED INTO THE EAST
PRAYING FOR THE COMING
OF DAWN.



WITH EACH STEP HE BEGAN TO FEEL COLD EYES UPON HIM... INTREPIDLY HE
HE IMAGINED HOT GUSTS OF FETID BREATH UPON HIS NECK, AND SAW SPECTRES
FROM THE GLOOM...



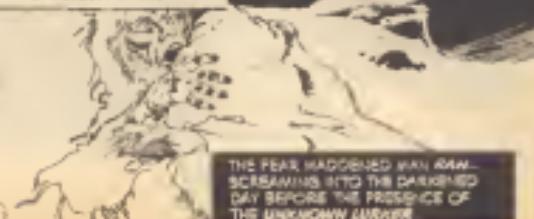
SUDDENLY HIS HEART SOARED LIKE A RAVEN ON WINGS... FOUL THWARS,
UNSHAKABLY IN THE EAST CAME THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF A NEW DAY!

HEARTENED AND GIVEN NEW STRENGTH,
HE PITCHED FORWARD TOWARD THE
DAWN LIGHT, AS IS NOSED, IT WERE HIS
ONLY SANCTUARY.

STILL, THOUGH HIS SPIRIT WANDERED, BEHIND LAY
THE PRESSING DARK AND THE SECRET FEAR
IT CONTAINED, TURNING AND CHANGING A
GLANCE, HE CRIED ALOUD:



FALIY DRIVEN ACROSS THE
BORDER OF MADNESS BY HIS
TORMENTOR, BAILEY CULMEN
— I SEEMED LIKE AN IDIOT... —
WORD, EBBUT THE MERCENARY
BOLIDER, HERO AND SURVIVOR OF
COUNTELESS CAMPAIGNS... THE
HAILED WARLORD OF FIRE AND
EARTH WAS INDEED, THE COMMANDER
OF FEAR AND ICE!



THE FEAR HAGGARDED WITH RAW
SCREAMING INTO THE DARKENED
DAY BEFORE THE PRESENCE OF
THE UNKNOWN LURKER.

FALLING / RISING AGAIN /
STUMBLING / RUNNING /
FLYING TO LIVE... THE
MAN REGRESSED... TO
NOTHING MORE THAN A
MINDLESS ANIMAL!



HE RAN LIKE A CRIPPLED CHILD...



...WEARING FROM...



...FEAR!



AND AS THE GREY LIGHT BEGAN
TO FILTER INTO THE SKY, THE
LAND FELL AWAY FROM
BENEATH HIS FEET AND...



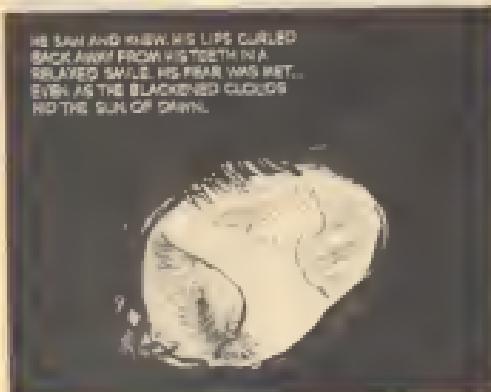
PAIN SEARED THROUGH HIS MIND / THEN ALL FEELING FLEW HIS CONSCIOUSNESS! HIS SPINE HAD SHATTERED!



HE GLAZING EYES STARED AT THE CLIFF FROM WHICH HE HAD FALLEN TO HIS END, AND, BEFORE HIS OWN DARKNESS FOREVER CAME UPON HIM, HE SAW . . .



HE SAW AND KNEW HIS LIPS CURLED BACK AWAY FROM HIS TEETH IN A RELAXED SMILE. HIS FEAR WAS PAST . . . EVEN AS THE BLACKENED CLOUDS HID THE SUN OF DAWN.



IN THE DIM GREY MIST THERE PUNCHED THE BREAST, SHORT WHITE FUR STREAMING WITH THE WIND. EARNS PITCHED FORWARD. WHISKERS BRISTLED. THE ANIMAL OF THE NORTHLANDS WATCHED PATIENTLY IN THE BITING COLD UNTIL, THE GOD CREATURE WHICH WAITED FOR TWO DAYS FINALLY LAY STILL, BELOW AND MOVED NOT!



CURIOSITY SATISFIED, IT BURNED HOLOCOMPREHENDING, PINK EYES TURNED AND HOPPED BACK TOWARD ITS COOL BURROW.

END

THE SONOROUS PROFOUND VOICE RELAXES YOU, JANET BROOKER...
MAKES YOU INTO AN IRRESISTIBLE TRAPANE.

WAVES OF ULTRA TRANQUILITY WASH OVER YOU, AND YOUR FINAL THOUGHT IS A
QUESTION: YOU WONDER WHY YOU VOLUNTEERED
TO BE A SUBJECT OF PRE-NATAL HYPNOSIS!



"...I WAS SOMEONE ELSE THEN... JAMES HOWARD,
BUT IN A DIFFERENT TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE!
MY NAME WASN'T JANET BROOKER... I WAS PRISCILLA
STARKER. I LIVED ALONE... IN
SALEM... EXCEPT FOR KITTEN WITHY. SHE WAS MY
ONLY COMPANY. KITTEN HAS ONE EYE... AND HE
WAS WITH MY PARENTS LONG IN THEIR GRAVES."



"THE MEN GRABBED ME THEN... DRAGGED ME
FROM MY HOME... AND THEY SEARCHED MY
CABIN WHILE POOR KITTY WAS NOT LOCKED
WITHIN!"



"AND EVEN AS THE PYRE RAGED
THEY DRAGGED ME TO THE VILLAGE
TO A STAKE RESERVED FOR
THE BURNING OF WITCHES...
AND THERE WAS ACCUSED
OF UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES
AGAINST GOD!"



DEJA Vu



"ALL RIGHT,
JANET BECKER. WE'RE
READY NOW. YOU HERE
TELLING ME OF
PRISCILLA STARKER..."

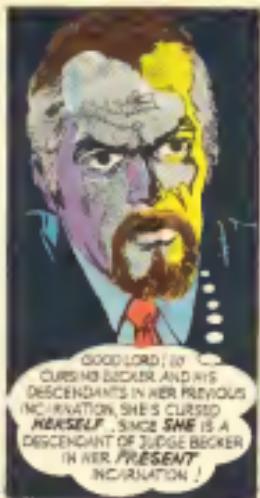
"YES I
WAS PRISCILLA
STARKER... SO LOVELY THEN.
MY PARENTS WERE GONE;
I HAD NO ONE TO SPEAK
TO... ONLY KITTY! AND THEY
CALLED ME EWIE...
A WITCH!"

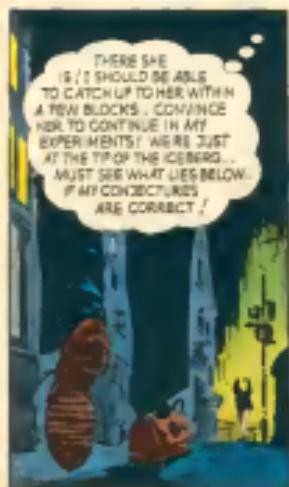
"THEY WERE DETERMINED TO
CONDAMN ME! IT WASN'T A FAIR
TRAIL... I WAS THE FOCUS OF THEIR
IRRATIONAL SUPERSTITIONS..."

"LET IT BE KNOWN THAT
UPON THIS DAY JUDGE
MATTHEW BECKER CONDEEMS
THIS WITCH TO DEATH AT
TANE'SAKE! I HAVE TO
ANYTHING TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF, WITCH?"

"YES! IF AS A
WITCH I'M CONDEMED
AND CONDEMNED, THEN AS A
WITCH SO SHALL I ONE! I
CURSE YOU JUDGE MATTHEW
BECKER! I CURSE YOU AND
ALL YOUR DESCENDANTS
THROUGHOUT
ETERNITY!"

"YOU THOUGHT NOTHING OF DESTROYING
MY CAT! SHE PROVIDED ME WITH THE ONLY
COMPANIONSHIP I HAD! BUT YOU KILLED
HER, AND SO I CURSE YOU! AND WHAT
BETTER VEHICLE FOR YOUR DEATH THAN
A WITCH'S FAMILIAR... A CAT! LIKE
AN AVENGING ANGEL, A CAT WILL
CAUSE YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS
A SENSELESS, MEANINGLESS
DEATH!"





ELSEWHERE...A SMALL CHILD SQUIDS IN THE BACK SEAT OF HER FATHER'S CAR...A PERSIAN CAT IN HER LAP...THE WIND BLOWING IN HER FACE...!



KITTY!

YOU WHEEL IN SURPRISE AT THE STRIDENT SHOUT FROM BEHIND YOU! JANET BECKER, AND THE SQUEAL OF THE CAR... ONLY TO SEE A BALL OF BRISTLING FUR FLYING AT YOUR FACE!

JANET!
JANET BECKER!
WATCH OUT!

YOUR OWN CURSE HAS BEEN
FULFILLED, JANET BECKER... IN
A BURST OF CRUEL IRONY!

OH, MY GOD!
HOW... I'LL
NEVER
KNOW!

SO
CLOSE... SO
VERY
CLOSE... TO
THE
ANSWER!

YOU ARE NEVER EVEN AWARE OF THAT DEATH-BRINGING
THIRD CAR, RACING THROUGH THE INTERSECTION...

EPILOGUE: YOU ARE DEAD,
JANET BECKER, AND YOU WILL NEVER
APPRECIATE THE SKILLS OF A
MELANCHOLY HYPNOTIST... A HYPNOTIST
WHO SHUFFLES AWAY FROM YOU
WITH TRAGEDY-LADEN FEET...

I THOUGHT I
COULD FIND THE
ANSWER THROUGH
HER... CLEAR MY
PAST... FIND MY
REAL NAME.

BUT INSTEAD
I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEATH OF A
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.
A GIRL WHO SHOULD
HAVE HAD A LONG,
PROSPEROUS LIFE
AHEAD OF HER.

AND THE
MYSTERY OF MY PAST
WILL REMAIN UNSOLVED...
THE ONLY KEY TO IT LYING
DEAD ON A COLD PAVEMENT.
THE VICTIM OF A CURSE;
MAYBE RESPONSIBLE
FOR...



WHEN I HEARD ABOUT
JANET BECKER'S DREAMS, THE
WAY SHE RAN IN HER SLEEP, I
THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE
ONLY CLUE TO MY GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDFATHER'S IDENTITY. AND SHE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BUT IT'S TOO
LATE NOW... ALL I'M LEFT WITH IS
THE TORMENTING KNOWLEDGE
THAT PERHAPS IT WAS *MINE*, AND
NOT A CAT WHO KILLED MY
GRANDMOTHER TWICE
REMOVED TONIGHT.



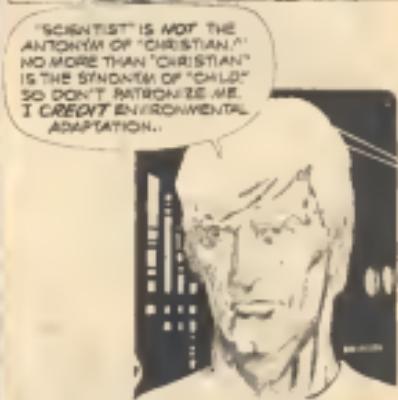
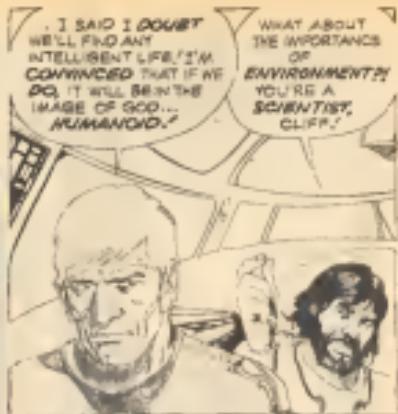
...AND
THAT MY ANCESTOR
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN SATAN?

— JOHN STARKER —
HYPNOTIST
ROCKPORT



END

RELATIVES!



YOU SEE, I
DISTINGUISH
BETWEEN
ANIMAL AND
MAN.

MAN IS THE
ONLY CREATURE
ABLE TO BELIEVE
IN INTANGIBLES
AND ACT ON
FAITH.

THAT MAKES
MAN UNIQUE...
IF NOT TO EARTH,
THEN TO THE
UNIVERSE!

WELL, I HATE TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
BUT I'M ONE MAN
WHO DOESN'T
BELIEVE IN THINGS
HE CAN'T SEE.

WHAT
ABOUT
ATOMS?

C'MON CLIFF!
THERE'S EMPIRICAL
EVIDENCE OF ATOMIC
STRUCTURE.

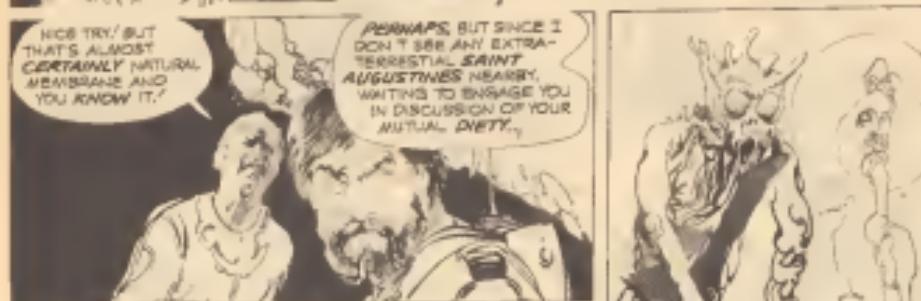
WHICH YOU ACCEPT
ON FAITH, PAUL,
BECAUSE THAT EVIDENCE
IS REALLY NO MORE SOLID
THAN THE TESTIMONY OF
SOMEONE WHO'S HAD A
PRAYER ANSWERED

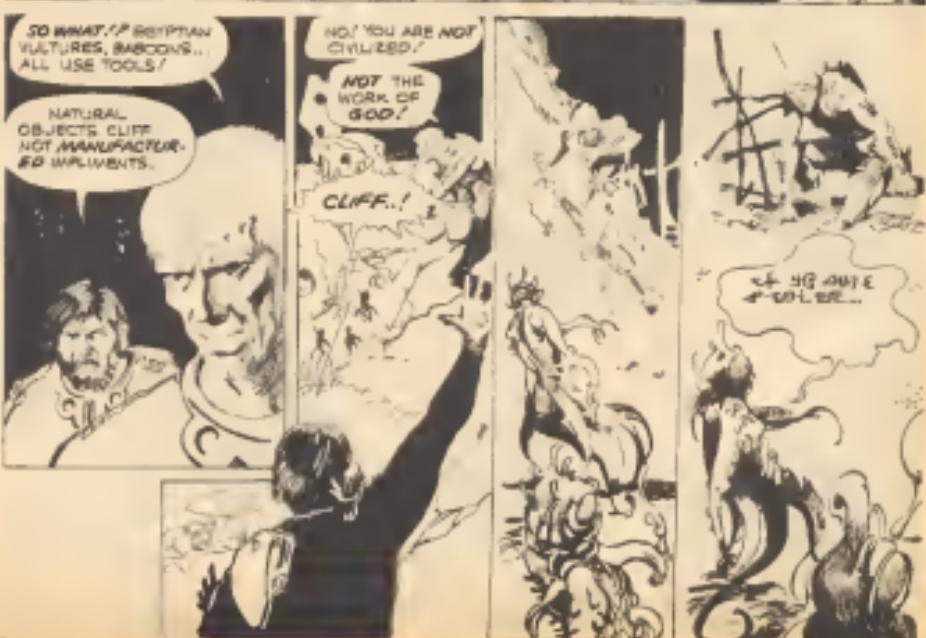
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
WE'VE GOT A PLANET TO
EXPLORE / MAYBE WE'LL
FIND SOME ANSWERS
HERE!



I'LL BE AMAZED IF
WE FIND ANYTHING
THOUGH, LET ALONE

LOOK!

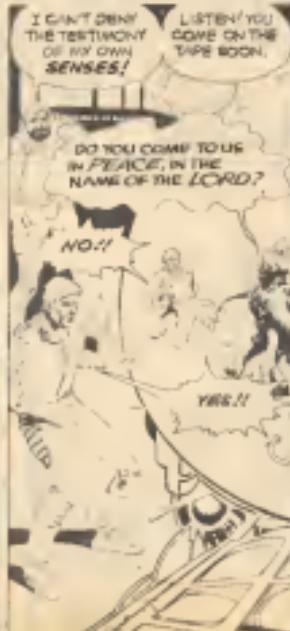






"PAUL AYLES, PERSONAL LOG: IN THE WEEKS SINCE INITIAL CONTACT, REGULATION CONCERNED STUDY OF THE SUBJECTS HAS PRODUCED IRREPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF A PRIMITIVE BUT RAPIDLY ADVANCING CIVILIZATION. THERE IS CAUSE FOR CONCERN OVER CLIFF, WHO CONTINUES TO WITHDRAW INTO HIS MIND. HIS FAITH IN A UNIVERSAL GOD IS VIRTUALLY SHATTERED..."





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THRILLING! CHILLING! BE BRAVE!

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MACABRE AND
THE MALEVOLENT!

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COMIC BUFFS AND COLLECTORS!

The 1974 comic art competition program book from the New York comic con is available. What's it got? Art, on the back cover, it has Jim Steranko's original drawing of Captain America!



HAUNTED GLO-HEADS

6" TALL MODEL KITS THAT GLOW IN THE DARK

Glowing eerily in the dark, each head rests on equally ghoulish hands. They are made of sturdy, snap-together plastic, so no glue is needed and stand six inches tall. The heads are full, not just fronts, with finely detailed features which may be painted. Inside the kit is an offer for a full color (6"x9") monster iron-on.



At the height of the full moon a hunting crew scours across the countryside and all who meet it know that tonight is the eve of the werewolf! With bared fangs the man turned into a werewolf howls at the moon.

WEREWOLF GLO-HEAD 24181-19-95



Before the dawn of civilization when humanity was more animal than human, the hominoid monkeys may have been some of the first ones of the earth. These are now extinct, but their descendants still live on in the form of apes.

APE MAN GLO-HEAD 24181-19-95



Covered with pale red flesh draped in a long black, slightly open, hairless coat, the skull faced, of course, is the most frightening thing about the vampire. He is a creature of the night.

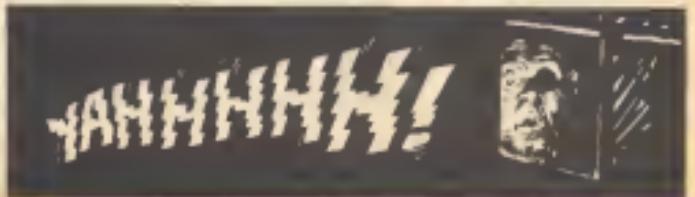
VAMPIRE GLO-HEAD 24181-19-95



It is best to keep Egyptian tombs alone because if you disturb them you will violate the curse of the Mummy! This ancient when buried, was wrapped in bandages and placed in a sarcophagus. His mummy reaches for your throat.

MUMMY GLO-HEAD 24181-19-95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



A SCREAM IN THE FOREST



Well, it's started up again every night for the past week. Now I've heard it—someone screaming for mercy somewhere out there in the forest. It's quite unnerving, Fritz.



SOMEWHERE IN THE FURTHEST DEPTHS OF THE FORESTS DWELL THOSE MINDLESS CREATURES WE KNOW AS THE "FEARIES". IN TIMES OF PLenty, THEY BOther US NOT; HOWEVER, WHEN THE LAND IS PARCHED AND FOOD BECOMES SCARCE...



...THEY COME OUT OF THE FOREST TO GATHER UP A SUPPLY OF ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE FOODS--WOMEN!



THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST A FEARIE. HIS ENORMOUS SIZE AND STRENGTH IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ONE OF OUR RACE. WE KNOW OF NO WOMAN WHO HAS EVER BEEN RESCUED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A FEARIE.



THE SCREAMS IN THE FOREST ARE THE SCREAMS OF OUR LOST WOMEN BEING SERVED AS FOOD FOR A FEARIE APPETITE...



AND HOW YOU BEGIN TO HEAR THE SCREAMS AGAIN, USSEL! ACH! WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

THAT IS THE HORROR OF IT ALL, FRITZ. WE CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST A FEARIE! IT IS TIME WE JOINED THE OTHER WOOD-CUTTERS NOW. HERE, MY FRIEND, YOUR AXE. YOU MUSTIVE DROPPED IT LAST NIGHT. I FOUND IT ON THE PATHWAY HERE.

IT IS NEARLY NOON BEFORE THE TWO COMPANIONS FINALLY SET OFF FOR THEIR DAY'S LUMBER-JACKING...

THE FEARIES! SOMEONE SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM!

YES. SOMEONE SHOULD.

SOMEONE...

URSEL IS LATE IN GETTING HOME THAT NIGHT.

AT LEAST I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY SCREAMING TONIGHT. PERHAPS THE FEARIES HAVE HAD THEIR BELLY'S FULL.

BUT URSEL HAS SPoken TO SOON. A CRUNCHING TWIS WAITING THE WOODSMAN ONLY TOO LATE THAT HE HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY...

A FEARIE!

THE WOOD CHOPPER GULPS DOWN A PRAYER AS THE MUSCULAR TERROR RAISES ITS HUGE PIST...

HELP!
LUCIE

WITH A SICKENING THUMP,
USSEL IS SLAMMED TO THE
GROUND BEHIND THE
WEIGHT OF THE PEARIE!

BUT THE INTENDED BLOW IS NEVER
LANDED, FOR...

NEVER MIND
WHO, WOODSMAN!
JUST BACK OFF
AND GIVE ME
SOME FIGHTING
ROOM!

WHO...?

DAZED BY THE Suddenness
OF IT ALL, USSEL OBEYS
THE NEWCOMER'S COMMAND.
THUS HAVING GAINED HIS
FIGHTING ROOM, THE
SWORDSMAN FIGHTS!

BUT IF
YOU MUST KNOW
MY NAME IS
ARN OF
WHITLOCK.

CRUNCH!
!ARROAR!

ASH QUICKLY FINDS THAT HE
SHOULD DO LESS TALKING AND
MORE SWORD-WORK!

SPIRITS OF THE
GIBBN PROTECT
THIS BRAVE
WARRIOR!

UFFF!

THE BEAST LEAPS!

YEH STARS,
BUT THE THING
CAN THROW!

GET UP!
GET UP!

BUT IT LANDS
ONLY UPON
EMPTY TURF!

GOT TO FIND
A VULNERABLE
SPOT ON THIS
THING LIKE THE
BACK OF HIS...

NECK!

AH NOBLE
SWORDSMAN! I
AM YOUR SERVANT.
YOUR SLAVE FOR
ALL MY DAYS!

HAI HAI! NONE OF
THAT WOODSMAN,
IN THE FOREST, ALL ARE
FREE. BUT I WOULD
ASK A FAVOR OF YOU. I
NEED A PLACE TO STAY
TONIGHT AND--?

AND USSEL, HAPPILY AGREED
TO ENTERTAIN ARN FOR THE
REMAINDER OF THE EVENING.

HAVE ANY
IDEA AS TO THE
NATURE OF THAT
WHATEVER IT WAS
THAT ATTACKED
YOU?

IT COULD
ONLY HAVE BEEN A FEARIE!
MY HUT IS JUST UP AHEAD
HERE. WHEN WE GET THERE,
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT
THEM.



MY GUESS IS THAT THE FEARIES HAVE
ACQUIRED SUCH A LIKING TO HUMAN MEAT
THAT THEY'LL NOW ATTACK PEOPLE. POOP
SHORTAGE OR NO FOOD SHORTAGE? WHY, THAT
WOULD EVEN EXPLAIN WHY THOSE FEARIES ATTACHED
ME BACK THERE! I THOUGHT USUALLY THEY'D
ONLY HAD A TASTE FOR FRESH MEAT.

BUT FOOD IS
PLENTIFUL AT THIS
TIME OF THE YEAR,
USSEL. WHY SHOULD
THE FEARIES
ATTACK PEOPLE
NOW?

I'VE NO WAY
OF KNOWING FOR
CERTAIN, FRIEND ARN.
HOWEVER, IF YOU'LL
ALLOW ME TO WAGER
A GUESS...!

PLEASE
DO!

SOMEONE
OUGHT TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT THE
FEARIES!



HOLD ON THERE, USSEL.
I'M NOT ABOUT TO
DECLARE WAR ON A
BAND OF PHYSICAL
GIANTS LIKE THE ONE I
MET TONIGHT. I'M NOT
THAT GOOD. YOU'LL JUST
HAVE TO FIND...

BUT ARN'S WORDS ARE CUT SHORT AS AN EAR-TEARING SCREAMS CHIEF HORROR RIPS ITSELF THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!

YAHAAAHHH

THE SCREAM!
MEN GOTTA!
THE SCREAM!

NEVER HAVE
I HEARD SUCH
RAW ANGUISH!

THE WAIL CRY FADES, AND THERE IS SILENCE.



ARN LEADS THE WAY AS THE
DUG DIGS DEEPER INTO THE
BOWELS OF THE FOREST.



THE TRACKS ARE
LESS READABLE UNTIL USSEL,
SWARS THERE ARE NO MORE.

IT'S HOPELESS, ARN.
THE TRACKS HAVE
FADED INTO OBVIOUS.

NO, THEY ARE
STILL THERE, FAINT
BUT STILL THERE.
YOU CANNOT SEE
THEM, IT TAKES A
WARRIOR'S EYES
TO SEE THEM.



THE MORNING FINDS USSEL,
AND ARN BACK AT THE
SCENE OF THE PREVIOUS
NIGHT'S SKIRMISH.

THE THING TO DO IS TO
FIND THIS FELLOW'S
TRACKS, AND FOLLOW
THEM BACK TO ITS
LAIR.

SO ON THEY GO...

ARN! LOOK OUT!

CAREFUL,
USSEL. ONE
SLIP AND--!

USSEL'S CRY HAS
COME JUST IN
TIME.

BY THE STARS/
A BOULDER
BEING THROWN
AT US!

I'M
LOSING MY
BALANCE, ARN!
HELP ME!

PULL ME
UP ARN!
PULL ME
UP!

AND AT THAT INSTANT,
BOUNDING ACROSS THE
TRAIL BRIDGE COMES...

IT'S THE
FEAR WHO
THREW THAT ROCK
AT US! HE'S
COMING TO
FINISH US
OFF!

DO
SOMETHING,
ARN!
QUICKLY!

THIS SWORD'S
A BIT MORE
AMMUNITION THAN A
BOOMERANG...
BUT...

IT'S GOT
TO suffice!

THE FEAR DISPOSED OF,
ARN PULLS USHIN TO SAFETY
ONCE MORE.

WE STILL
GO ON

YOU'VE SAVED
ME AGAIN, ARN, BUT
YOU LOST YOUR
SWORD.

WE STILL GO ON
MY WARRIOR'S
BLOOD HAS BEEN
AROUSED.

AROARRR!!

AND SO THE TRICK CONTINUES ALL THAT DAY AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

BUT WHAT IF WE HEAR ANOTHER SCREAM, TONIGHT, AHA! WHAT THEN?

ALL THE BETTER, MY FRIEND! WE JUST FOLLOW OUR EARS IN THAT CASE SAY! LOOK AT THAT CAGE OVER THERE! DO YOU SUPPOSE?



LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN THIS PLACE, USSEL.

HERE'S A CANDLE.



CAUTIOUSLY THE WOODSMAN AND THE SWORDSMAN ENTER.

SORRY! A SACRIFICIAL ALTER! THIS IS IT! THIS MUST BE THE HOME OF THE FEARIES!

SO IT WOULD APPEAR.



SUDDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING, BEN PIVVOL ON HIS TINY COMPANION...

AND SO IT IS!



FOR A MOMENT THERE IS SILENCE. THEN, A SMALL SHUFFLING OF FEET... AND THE FEARIES APPEAR.



HELLO AGAIN, SOONS! I'VE RETURNED! HERE'S YOUR MEAT FOR TONIGHT.



IT'S A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU FEARIES! YOU SUPPLY ME WITH DIAMONDS, I SUPPLY YOU WITH NICE, FRESH HUMAN MEAT! A BARGAIN ON BOTH SIDES, EH?



END

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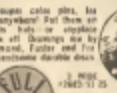
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SUPER HERO PINS

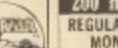
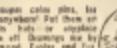


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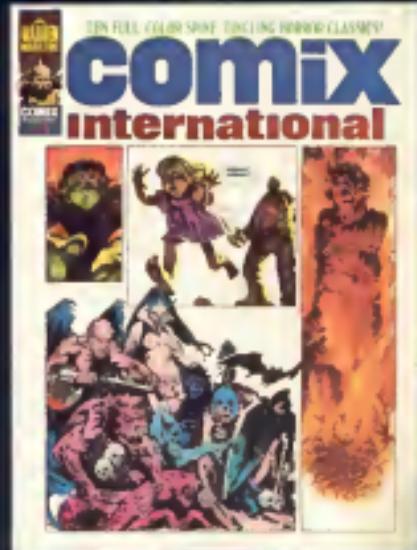
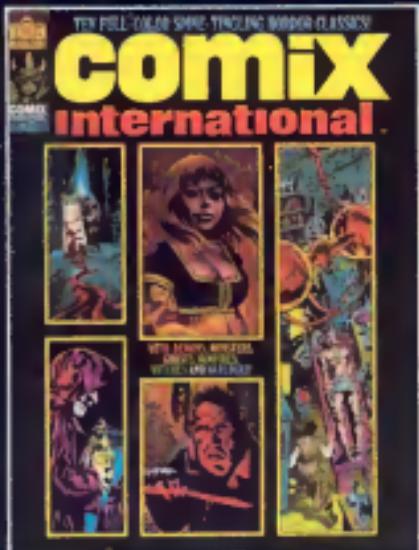
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